NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER
W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

# AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

**FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.**
**SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.**
**THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.**
**FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.**
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**SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.**
**SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.**

## KEEP ALL THE SCHOOLS OPEN.

There is a deficiency in the school fund of the Borough of Richmond of nearly $40,000. Unless this amount is secured the schools of that borough must close in October and remain closed until January, or the salaries of the teachers for two and a half months must be withheld.

Both of these means of making up the deficit have been suggested. Neither is satisfactory. One plan is unjust to the school children and the other is an imposition on the teachers.

It seems that in the apportionment of funds $50,000 was taken from the Borough of Richmond and given to the Borough of Brooklyn, which accounts for the deficiency in the school moneys. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment should devise some way to make an additional appropriation.

The Democratic Government of Greater New York must keep all the schools open, no matter what it costs. Nothing should be allowed to stand in the way. The chief plank in the platform upon which Mayor Van Wyck was elected was an assurance of more schools and better schools. That sacred pledge must be redeemed.

No child should be deprived of an education because incompetent officials do not see their way to appropriating enough money to keep the schools open and the teachers paid in full. Education is the child's right. To deprive any child in the city of that right is a serious crime, and should be punished as a crime.

## FRANCE SEES A GREAT LIGHT.

Out of the darkness has come light; out of the morass of falsehood and race prejudice have come truth and fair dealing; out of threatened revolution has come respect for the law.

Reason and justice have triumphed in France. The Court of Cassation has granted Dreyfus a new trial. The verdict is practically an acquittal. In accusing the foul brood of forgers and perjurers that subjected an innocent man to inhuman tortures, the Court proclaims the innocence of Dreyfus.

The terrible injustice that Zola discerned at the outset has at last quickened the conscience of France. The reparation has been long delayed, but it has not come too late to stay the world-wide wave of condemnation which threatened the reputation and honor of France.

The masses of the French people believed Dreyfus was a traitor. High officers swore to his guilt. Alleged proof of it was furnished in official documents. Minister after Minister of War announced his faith in the justice of the sentence.

The honor of the army, so dear to the French heart, seemed to be at stake. The enemies of Dreyfus appealed to race hatred to strengthen their accusation. With the army and the courts and the Government nearly a unit against him, the public was confident that Dreyfus merited his punishment.

That these errors should be acknowledged, and that steps should be taken to liberate Dreyfus and make his detractors suffer, is as creditable to the people of France as it is gratifying to lovers of justice everywhere.

## THE ROAD TO INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

Some time ago there were rumors of an impending strike in the Watervliet gun factory. Nothing came of them. A little later there actually was a strike of letter carriers in Paris, but it was over almost as soon as it had begun, and no harm was done.

These exceptional instances only emphasize, by the general sense of incongruity with which they were received, the fact that as a rule Government employes do not strike. There are probably half a million men in public employ—national, State and municipal—in this country, and they furnish the most perfect example we have of industrial peace. There is no more arduous labor than that of railway mail clerks, soldiers and stokers on war ships, but the men who perform it work on contentedly and the "labor problem" for them does not exist.

The most dangerous strikes we ever have to encounter are those on the railroads. They paralyze the transportation systems of vast regions, and that paralysis stops all the currents of business. A strike in a manufacturing establishment like that at Homestead is a local affair which does comparatively little harm, but a railroad strike like that of 1894 carries disorder and ruin throughout whole groups of States.

If the railroads and telegraphs belonged to the Government a million men would be withdrawn from the possibility of industrial war and added to the forces that make for peace. Whatever local troubles occurred, the national system of communication would be safe. The mails would run as usual, and passengers and freight would find no obstruction. Even the conservative business men, who dread Government ownership as revolutionary, might find some consolation in this assurance of order.

## A LEGISLATIVE JOB EXPOSED.

When Senator Platt starts out to do a millionaire or a corporation a favor he can be depended on to do the handsome thing. He made Chauncey Depew a Senator to please the Vanderbilts. He has given further proof of his devotion to his wealthy friends.

It has just developed that the late Legislature passed a bill offered by Senator Crum, a strong Platt man, which permits the savings banks of this State to invest in the bonds "of any railroad corporation of this and any other State or States connecting with and controlled and operated as part of the system of any such railroad corporation of this State, and of which connecting railroad at least a majority of its capital stock is owned by such a railroad corporation of this State."

This applies chiefly to the New York Central Railroad and its feeders, as shown by the list of bonds specified by Bank Superintendent Kilburn. There has been a sharp advance in these securities, their value having increased fully $15,000,000 since this special legislation was secured. So far only the insiders have profited, the general public having had no knowledge of the new law until the exposure in yesterday's Journal.

The guileless reader may want to know where Platt comes in. When Federal patronage is to be distributed in New York the vote of the Vanderbilt valet in the Senate will be controlled by the "Boss," and when the New York Central has campaign funds to distribute, or legislative work requiring expert handling, Platt will be found doing business at the same old Albany stand.

## A LESSON FROM THE TRUSTS.

On June 1 all but one-tenth of the mills in the Window Glass Trust shut down indefinitely. On June 30 the remainder of the mills will close. This throws out of work 17,000 skilled workmen.

Here is a good example of the operations of trusts. There is now no competition in the making of window glass. If the members of this combine were individual manufacturers they could not afford to let their good workmen go, because they could not get them back. But now the temptation to restrict production and advance prices is too great to be resisted, and the workmen are sacrificed.

These 17,000 discharged employes cannot turn at once to other fields of labor, even if places were waiting for them. They are skilled in the business of making window glass, but the greed of a trust prevents them from earning a living.

These workmen and their families must suffer that larger dividends may be paid on the watered stock of the Window Glass Trust.

## A DIP INTO THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Under the management of Mr. George B. M. Harvey the North American Review has surprised the country by the suddenness and completeness of its revival from the comatose condition into which it had fallen some time before the change in proprietorship.

The May number, the first under the new regime, literally bulged with great names. There was one anonymous article, by "A Canadian Liberal," evidently a distinguished figure in Canada, on the "Work of the Joint High Commission." With this exception every contributor was named, and every name was one of international celebrity. The list included Major-General Miles, Lord Charles Beresford, Ian Maclaren, Thomas B. Reed, Nicalos Estevanez, formerly Spanish Minister of War; Colonel Charles Chaille Long, formerly Gordon's chief of staff; William D. Howells, Major-General Leonard Wood, Sir F. H. Jeune, Judge Advocate-General of the British army; Rebecca Harding Davis, G. Marconi, the wizard of wireless telegraphy, and Professor J. A. Fleming, F. R. S.

There was considerable curiosity to see whether this brilliant array of contributors represented simply a desire to provide a spectacular debut for the new management, and whether subsequent issues would show a decline in interest. The June number answers that question satisfactorily. It is fully equal to the May number, both in the distinction of the contributors and in the interest of their articles. Secretary Gage gives his views upon the condition and prospects of the Treasury; Max Nordau discusses the place of Israel among the nations; William J. Bryan expounds his conception of Jeffersonian principles; Henry C. Ide, formerly Chief Justice of Samoa, explains the crisis in the islands; James Bryce treats of commercial education; S. N. D. North, a member of the Industrial Commission, describes that body's work; Edmund Gosse humorously recounts some of the recent reverses of the advanced woman; Senator Ford defends the taxation of franchises; James Roche, M. P., examines the outlook for Carlism; General Miles continues his record of the war with Spain; Joseph Reinach, the famous French revisionist, describes the aspects of the Dreyfus case as they had developed at the time of writing, and "A Diplomatist at The Hague," who is manifestly the chief of the Russian delegation, gives his ideas of the possible practical results of the Peace Conference.

That is certainly a remarkable series of contributions to current history and philosophy. No wonder the North American Review has taken a new lease of life.

## SAVE THE PALISADES.

Is there not sufficient public spirit and national pride in the American people to rise up in their might and their wrath and prevent the vandal destruction of one of the two natural monuments we possess? We mean the Palisades on the Hudson; the other is Niagara. Is there at least not sufficient love of nature and of nature's beauty among our wealthy citizens to accomplish this?

This destruction is the saddest comment on our present contemptible capitalist civilization, which cares for nothing, has respect for nothing but what will allow people to "make money."

The miserably selfish contractors seem really now to have gone to the end of their tether.

On Decoration Day, when all patriotic citizens were engaged in paying tributes to their heroic dead, these contractors used the opportunity to wreak the greatest devastation that ever has been attempted on the Palisades. What was once a huge cliff towering 300 feet above sea level is now a ragged mass of broken stone.

Why, if the whole people could have witnessed this wholesale destruction of nature's masterpiece a sufficient amount could then and there easily have been raised to purchase the Palisades and preserve them.

Money could do this, but money can never replace this magnificent wall of rock.

## THE SECRET OF MARCHAND'S SUCCESS.

One of the pleasant incidents that occurred in Paris the other day, which goes far to offset the many troubles that France lately has experienced, was a speech that Major Marchand delivered on his triumphant return from his three years' exploration across Africa.

It was a short speech. He said in effect: "During my travels from the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea, accompanied by 150 native soldiers, I did not have to fire a shot or spill a drop of human blood. French kindness and love for France was all that we used to pacify and conciliate the natives."

What a glorious contrast is this conduct to that of the British, wherever they have spread their civilization! What a contrast to Stanley in his brutal treatment of poor blacks—that same Stanley who was lately distinguished by Queen Victoria, as he has been distinguished so many times before.

Indeed, these few words by their returning hero constitute a proud boast for modern Frenchmen. The boast is not simply a proud one, but is a true one. And that is not all. It tells of a behavior which France can boast of in regard to its whole intercourse with ignorant, uncivilized tribes in Asia, Africa and America.

Archbishop Ireland in his splendid oration in Orleans the other day in celebrating the memory of the Maid, paid a just tribute to France for its humane and Christian treatment of the American Indians before the United States acquired control of them, and reminded his hearers that at the present time thousands of localities, of cities, and even States in America bear the names of illustrious Frenchmen—many of them martyrs—in grateful remembrance of them.

But there is still another incident, a most touching incident, in this reception of Major Marchand. There is nothing like it in the history of any other colonizing power.

Among his 150 native soldiers there were six Singalese—as black as black can be—whom he brought along with him to Toulon. He tells this story about them: "Whenever they became discouraged or tired, all I had to say was: 'Take courage, boys;' let us get on, and at the end of our troubles you shall see Paris.'"

This promise "of seeing Paris" was like an elixir to them, and all along they showed themselves to be true heroes.

But when they reached Toulon they were not allowed to accompany their beloved leader further. Force had to be used to remove them from the train. But we are glad to state that these Singalese have been received with great enthusiasm in Toulon, especially by the women, and that at the luncheon given him by the Secretary of the Navy Marchand begged the latter's wife to use her influence to get permission for his Singalese to come to Paris.

The permission has been granted. This truly is a noble episode in the troubled history of France.

### The Initiative and Referendum.

To the Editor of the New York Journal:

The Journal's platform is first rate, but it don't touch the real remedy. The real remedy is for the people themselves to make their own laws and themselves choose what laws they shall make. The initiative and referendum cover everything, and with these the people can pick and choose and exactly satisfy themselves and thus have a "Government of the people, by the people and for the people." E. P. HEMENWAY.

Winchester, Mass.

### Ingalls on Trusts.

[Atlanta Journal.]

John J. Ingalls never dipped his pen deeper in gall than he has in writing his letters on the trusts for the New York Journal.

Mr. Ingalls is famous for his powers of satire and invective, and he never used them in a better cause or with finer force than in his exposure of the enormities and dangers of capital when combined against the laws of trade and the rights of the public.

### Enriched.

"Oh, the people in our village all thought they'd be made rich when the trolley line was built out here."

"Were they disappointed?"

"Mostly. Only six persons all told have been run over and settled with by the company so far."—Detroit Journal.

## THEY ORDER THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE.


*ALGER TO EAGAN—It's lucky for us we live in free, easy-going America!*

# ALAN DALE AT A LONDON "SHOW."

HE REGRETS THAT "SMITH LEFT HOME."

LONDON, May 28.—It seemed rather odd to watch the ever-humorous manoeuvres of good old Mrs. Yeamans from a seat at the Strand Theatre! There was irony in the thought that Harrigan's clever accomplice of dialect and grimaces was playing to one of London's decollete and carriage-brought audiences. I felt a trifle nervous for the comedienne at whom I have always laughed. But there she was last night, playing the part of an Irish cook in George H. Broadhurst's crazy patchwork arrangement suggestively entitled "Why Smith Left Home" (a problem, by the bye, that I couldn't solve, and shall never be able to solve, and shan't try to solve any more).

Mrs. Yeamans's American associates include Fred W. Peters (also an old Harriganite), George W. Barnum, Maclyn Arbuckle, M. B. Snyder, Walter Thomas, Marion Giroux, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Rose Snyder, Gertrude Roosevelt, Dorothy Usner and Nita Allen. I speak of the actors before I say much about the piece itself for reasons which will be presently exceedingly obvious.

There was no doubt about Mrs. Yeamans. She "went" with roars of laughter. Fantastic gentlemen in the "pit" called out, "I say, Bill, she's a bit thick, ain't she," and then roared with laughter. Bare-backed ladies, with shoulder blades nestling amid the velvet of the stalls, tittered at her flannel-voiced witticisms. It was pleasant to see this funniest of Irish comediennes so well received. In fact, it was about the only pleasant feature of the evening.

Mrs. Yeamans's Americanisms went unchallenged. Blithely she alluded to such transatlantic topics as "ice wagons," "drug clerks" and "baggage checks." These were unintelligible, but London—like New York—is occasionally inclined to appreciate what it cannot understand. Of her associates, George W. Barnum easily won a second place as a dialectic German count. Why he was there, and what on earth he was doing, nobody cared to ascertain; but he gave an enjoyable "character" sketch, in his own inimitable way, and London took it for granted that it was seeing something good, and applauded. Maclyn Arbuckle also did very good work. I don't recall very much that he has done in New York, but he introduced a few De Wolf Hopperisms, and I can't help thinking that De Wolf Hopper himself has some sort of a career on this side of the pond. The "pitites" were inclined to mock the very iridescent tones of Mrs. Eberle, and Miss Marion Giroux was very much out of the general jollity.

Miss Dorothy Usner, who will no doubt talk glowingly for years to come of "my London season," played with a great deal of sang-froid. London to her was evidently very little more than Hoboken, N. J., or Prairie du Cheen, Wis. (which is a comfortable way of looking at it). But her work was good, and if she had removed her eyes from the stalls occasionally it would have been better. The other members of the cast appeared to be quite at home. In fact, the American company might have been playing here forever, so completely easy did it seem to be.

But "Why Smith Left Home" is wretched rubbish, Mr. Broadhurst has not achieved another "What Happened to Jones." Smith should never leave home. He should stay there, behind barred doors, and deny himself to everybody. There is no excuse for him. The piece is one of those incoherent jumbles in which absurd characters rush upon the stage apropos of nothing whatsoever, speak their little piece and rush off again. New York has seen many farces like it, and may view this effort with sedate tolerance. I opine that the "Why Smith Left Home" is new to London. Possibly they look upon it as a sort of eccentricity, but I can't help feeling sorry that Mr. Broadhurst followed up "What Happened to Jones" by such undiluted trash.

The Irish cook and the German count diffuse a little jollity, but it is jollity of the irrelevant sort. The old jokes about angel cakes, tough beefsteaks and other kitcheny topics are dragged in for all they are worth, and in the Saharan desert of inanity they appear like oases. Mr. Broadhurst seems to have had no idea in his head when he started this farce, and ideas—unlike appetite—evidently do not grow by exercise.

"Why Smith Left Home" ended as idiotically as it began. It is one of the most rough-and-tumble affairs that I have ever sat through. The first two acts need to be thoroughly peppered with specialties. If Miss Marion Giroux could only do a trapeze act, or Mrs. Eberle contribute a slack wire performance, we might, perhaps, understand why Smith left home. It would also help us to understand why we followed his example. New York, it seems to me, is even less tolerant of incoherence nowadays than is London. We have had our fill of it, and endure it only when, in the shape of, let me say, "By the Sad Sea Waves," it introduces some specialists like Rose Melville or Matthews and Bulger. "Why Smith Left Home" is treated more considerately in London than it deserves to be treated. They sit through it, and laugh when laughter sems to be the cue. Everything Mrs. Yeamans did—even when she shed her skirt, and stood in her regal loveliness, in a red flannel petticoat, was greeted with applause, as were the efforts of Mr. Arbuckle and Mr. Barnum.

The piece was preceded by Stanislaus Stange's "curtain raiser," "A Man About Town," which I am proud to say that I missed. I arrived just in time to see Mr. Edgar Davenport taking himself very seriously and talking in a subdued and reverent voice by a blue fire on some evidently highly interesting topic. Mr. Davenport is too serious a person for such tomfoolery as "Why Smith Left Home," so I suppose that they were forced to put him into the curtain raiser. Personally, I would rather be a tomfool in a farce than a nothing-at-all in a curtain raiser. The curtain raiser in London is used as a sort of overture to play the people in. It is also supposed to be something of an aid to digestion (I don't know why, for London curtain raisers would disturb any well-regulated New York stomach), and I don't believe that nine people out of ten know or care what it is all about. As the "star" of "A Man About Town," however, Mr. Davenport was evidently satisfied.

American airs were played between the acts, and I feel sure that Mr. Broadhurst believes himself to be a noble and a patriotic person. Other Americans who see "Why Smith Left Home" may be inclined to doubt this. Still, I wouldn't have missed it for Mrs. Yeaman's sake. It did me good to see her grimacing at London in her artless and peculiar manner. She is as much of an artist in her way as a Duse happens to be. But please don't take up that statement and ask me to explain it, for I shan't do it.

When "Why Smith Left Home" comes to New York, I hope that Mr. Broadhurst will explain exactly why he did it. Otherwise I should prefer to call the farce "Why the Audience Left Home." That seemed to me to be the problem last night.

ALAN DALE.

# THE AUBURN HAIRED GIRL'S TRICK.

HOW SHE KEPT HER COURTSHIP GIFTS.

"YOU dear thing! I thought you were never coming!" cried the girl with the auburn hair.

"I believe I am a little late," apologized the girl with the baby smile. "You see, I've been waiting for Elinor to return. She has gone to see Dolly. I heard the news this morning, and"——

"What news? Do tell me?"

"That Dolly is engaged. What do you think of that?"

"I think that if Dolly told you so herself there may be some mistake," replied the girl with the auburn hair, smiling.

"She didn't. It was her little brother," she added. "'At last,' I believe."

"My goodness! Tell me all about it; do!"

"That's all I know. Dolly came to the window just then and called him. She seemed sort of nervous when she saw us talking. I told Elinor when I got home and she ran right over to see Dolly and hear all about it."

"Now, who do you suppose it can be? She hasn't sense enough to manage it for herself, so the man must really be in love with her."

"It's George Brownsmith," said the girl with the baby smile. "I'm sure of it. She has been criticising his grammar and neck ties for at least a year."

"'M. I don't know about that. He lives with his brother, who was married about a year ago, you know. It does seem to me that there ought to be a law compelling matrimonially inclined young men to keep out of the house of a newly wedded pair until they have at least learned to do their quarrelling in private. No, I very much doubt if it is George."

"Oh, yes, it is; I am sure. But how did Dolly look? Very happy?"

"She looked dazed. By the way, I've been wondering ever since I came in what gave the room such an unfamiliar air. At first I thought that you had taken down the curtains or something, but now I know what it is. It is the absence of Harold, which"——

"Oh, yes! You mean Mr. Sweetie? He"——

"Why, yes! You needn't be offended that I use his Christian name. I"——

"Not at all. I—er—the fact is that I call him 'Mr. Sweetie' now myself, and"——

"Then you are either married to him or the engagement is broken. A girl usually feels that she knows the man she is engaged to well enough to call him by his Christian name. I wonder why she begins to speak of him more formally after they are married?"

"Possibly because she finds him so different from what she thought him beforehand, dear. I may as well tell you, however, that I have broken with Mr. Sweetie forever, and"——

"Let me see. When Jack and Elinor part forever it is usually three days, which I must say seems an eternity to me, who have to live with her. In your case"——

"It usually means at least a week. Har—Mr. Sweetie—is so stubborn that it takes him that long to find out that he is in the wrong."

"But if I remember rightly it was once a month and"——

"It was I who confessed to being in the wrong that time, dear."

"Oh—h! I see! But what was it all about this time?"

"For the life of me, I can't tell you; I was so angry that I can't remember the cause."

"Have you decided what you will accept as a peace-offering this time?"

"A samovar, if he waits a whole week, but if he relents and confesses himself in the wrong earlier, I shall have to be content with a silver belt buckle or some such trifle."

"I think you are wise to select gifts which are


She Left the Bric-a-Brac at Home.

"I filled the box with newspapers and old shoes and packed my presents on the top shelf of my closet. When he sends back the box I will take them down again and my bric-a-brac, as well as my self-respect, will be intact. Did you ever hear of quite such a clever scheme?"

unbreakable, dear. The engagement itself seems so brittle that"——

"M'hm. I lost a lovely vase the last time I returned his presents, and the glass over that lovely water color was smashed to bits. I spent three hours in picking the bits out of the prayer rug, and even now I often find a piece of it when I get up in the dark to make sure that I have locked my door."

"But why didn't you make Har—Mr. Sweetie replace the vase and pay for the glass?"

"I couldn't very well, dear. I had packed the things myself, and he had not even opened the box. Oh, I tell you, we poor women get the worst of everything in this world!"

"True. And if that was the box containing your presents which I saw the expressman toss into his wagon on Monday morning, I am afraid they will come back in a worse condition this time than ever."

"They are all safe this time, dear. If you promise never to tell I'll explain why I am so sure of it."

"Of course, I'll promise—I'd promise anything to hear all about it. But I think I know already; you hired a professional packer this time."

"Better yet, dear. I filled the box with newspapers and old shoes and packed my presents on the top shelf of my closet. When he sends back the box, I will take them down again and my bric-a-brac, as well as my self-respect, will be intact. Did you ever hear of quite such a clever scheme?"

"I never did. There is not a flaw in it. How lucky that you are not a man—there would be no way of managing you at all. But here comes Elinor now. I wonder why people with news always come so fast that they have no breath left to tell it, when"——

"Oh, girls, what do you think?" said the tall, slender girl, bouncing in, "Dolly is really engaged, and to"——

"George Brownsmith," said the girl with the auburn hair; "we knew that. Sit down."

"No, dear. To Harold Sweetie! and, oh, Alys, I hope you don't mind, but he has promised to send over the box of presents you returned to him, first thing in the morning. She means to select the ones she wants, and give the rest to the housemaid. And, ah, she says she hopes you will come over real soon. You poor, dear thing. I hope you don't feel very badly about it!"

"I don't, dear," replied the auburn-haired girl, calmly; "not half as badly as Dolly will when she opens that box!" ELISA ARMSTRONG.

### No Doubt in His Case.

"Well, anyway," said the Admiral, after the battle, "there will never be any dispute over the commandership question here. None of my subordinates will ever come forward with the claim that he directed the movements of our fleet or planned the course that was pursued. History will be clear on these points. I shall never have to write any magazine articles or furnish any diagrams to show that I was in command all the time, and that my tactics were followed throughout."

And he was right. His side had been ignominiously defeated.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### As They Want to Start In.

"I will try you," said the editor, "although you say you have had no experience. I will leave the subject for a trial article to you."

"I think," replied the young man, who was ambitious to be a "journalist," but indignantly denied that he had any desire to become a "newspaper man," "I think I will write you a little something under the heading: 'Suggestions for the President and Congress.'"—Chicago Post.